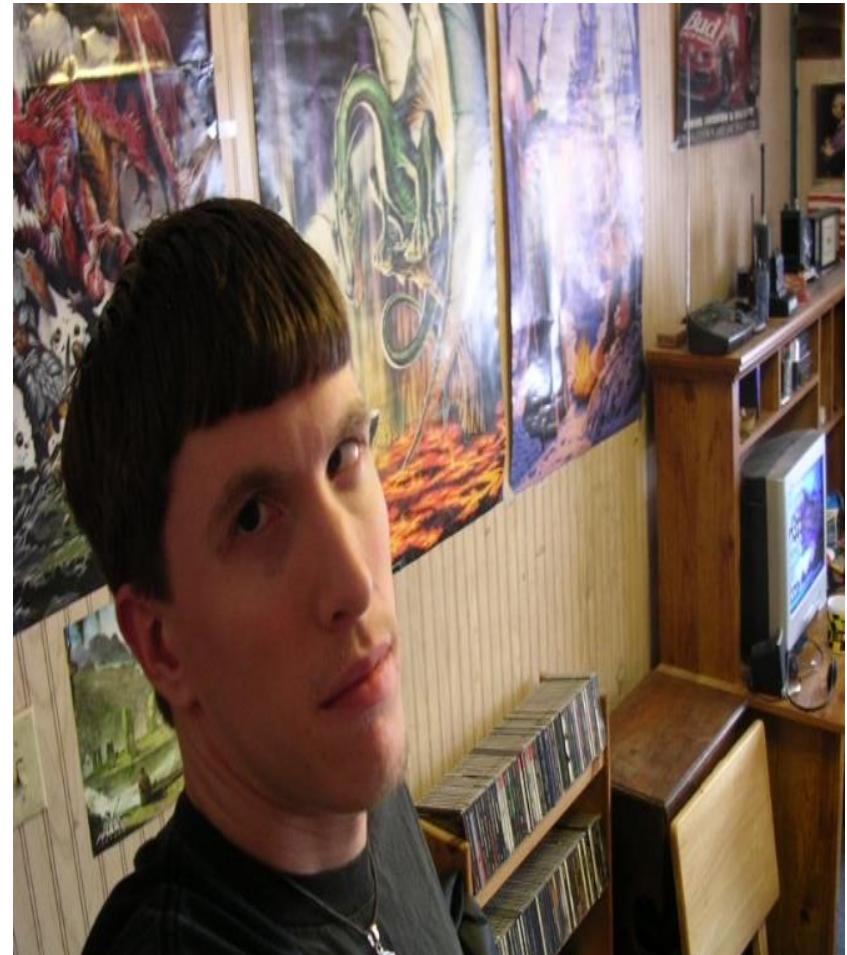


Involuntary Celibacy and the Pursuit of Men's Rights



A collection of your thoughts

By 5chan.org



Date of publication:

5/13/2017

eBook Edition

Can you believe this was also sold in stores?

Call or text us your review: (401) 216-5214

If you like us, support us: www.patreon.com/5chan



author, Korgin Elferonso

Hello and thank you for wasting your parent's money on this zine. 5chan.org is the 3,527,335 most visited website in the world. But by pursuing other creative assets to slap their name on, 5chan can easily become the 3,127,923 most visited website on Earth, and

it starts with the little things like this zine and insecure kids like you.

Since they know a sinking ship when they see one, 5chan hired me to write their zine for them. Now I've never written a book before, but when they saw me telling my daughter the story of the time my dad tried to kill my mom just so he could impress me, they pulled me aside and gave me a pill which made my legs feel like water balloons and they said there would be plenty more where that came from if I just wrote for them. I had never had a substance abuse problem before but I heard a lot of people talk about it and I figured I'd like to see what all the hype was about so I agreed.

Eight months later, this is the end result. Now I know what you're thinking: "hey, how's your drug addiction Korgin?" And my answer is pretty status quo - I'm living it, I'm loving it, and I'm ready to lose everything for it.

- Korgin Elferonso,
sometime in 2017,
coming off an Adderall binge

Publishers note : Mr. Elferonso is now dead.

The Last American

by Korgin Elferonso and Philip Zadargo
Based on a true event from one of their lives

I remember when I woke up that day. It was around noon. As usual. More like around two.

I figured it was a good time as any to go to my father's house. This in itself was hard, because he had divorced my mom earlier in the year. I hadn't spoken to him since then. But, unlike so many people, I understood love. But, confusingly enough, it was love that confused me.

I rolled into the driveway. What could I say? I had nothing prepared. And that was the issue. Nothing prepared me for what I was about to see. My father came out and hugged me. It was the generic "father and son" moment that you'd expect out of a 1950's cinema film. I embraced him and wept. Dad smelt good. Better than when he lived at home with us. I felt good about my father after he destroyed our family. Again, it was confusing, but I call it "love".

He led me inside. He had taken what money he could from my mother and bought a farm. It was damned impressive, I must say. Cows, chickens, goats, what have you. For a man who grew up in the city, he had certainly adapted to the rural life better than you and I ever could.

Bliss was in the air.

...then father put on the television.

That's when I saw America die.

What was a day in the life for my father was a rude awakening for me. I had no idea that he was so used to the images of America getting destroyed. Had my father betrayed us all? I mean, how could he just sit there and see them take over. Where was my country? Where was the love?

Where was my father's patriotism?

I couldn't stomach it. I ran. I ran what I think was a quarter of a mile to the closest person's house. Barely a "neighbor". I looked in through their windows. They were watching Larry King Live. But just how live was it? I mean, did Larry King not care about America? I was stunned. So stunned.

Was I the only one who saw the attack?

I started to scream; how could these "neighbors" not care? I pounded on their windows; I cursed them in the name of Our Lord. One of them, the whore wife, gave me a look. Believe me when I say it wasn't the look of a patriot. I smashed their window with my fist. Bloodied? Yes. But did I care? No.

Why?

Because on this day...

...I was America.

I ran home to my father. Or, as I called him, "the betrayer". I screamed. I cried. He couldn't calm me down. He was so confused.

My well-built brother Jet came in from tending to an abscess on a leg.

“What’s wrong, brother?”

“Son, please! What’s gotten into you?!”

No response was needed from me. I took a dark beer mug and smashed it across my brother’s face. I had always considered him to be underdeveloped; perhaps that is why he worked out so much. However, since his muscular nature was strong, no blood was shed. Yet, his patriotism was so weak, it was a given who had won that battle.

“HOW CAN YOU ALL JUST STAND THERE AND WATCH?!” I screamed as my father tackled me to the ground. “OUR COUNTRY IS DYING! AND YET, YOU STAND THERE, WATCHING AND NOT CARING, LIKE THE MONSTERS THAT YOU ARE!”

That’s when the chord struck. My father and brother (who, again, mind you, is *super* jacked) exchanged glances. Had the divorce of my parents ruined my mind to the point of no return? Clearly not. I knew I had no family. All I had around me was America’s enemy.

Where was I? Where had I been?

Simple: I was in America.

I upper-cut the man I called “father”, and delivered a round-house kick to face of my so-called “patriotic” brother Jet. Both

went down, but came back, practically guns-a-blazin’. Except that, instead of guns, it was fists. Sorry.

I delivered a powerful blow to their heads. They went down once more, but instead of staying down, they got back up again and smashed my head into my father’s kitchen table. Soon enough, I would realize that this table was reality.

As the pouring blood covered my eyes, I prayed to God. And He cleared my vision.

I looked up from the table. Yes, I had some teeth missing, but I quickly realized I was missing something else.

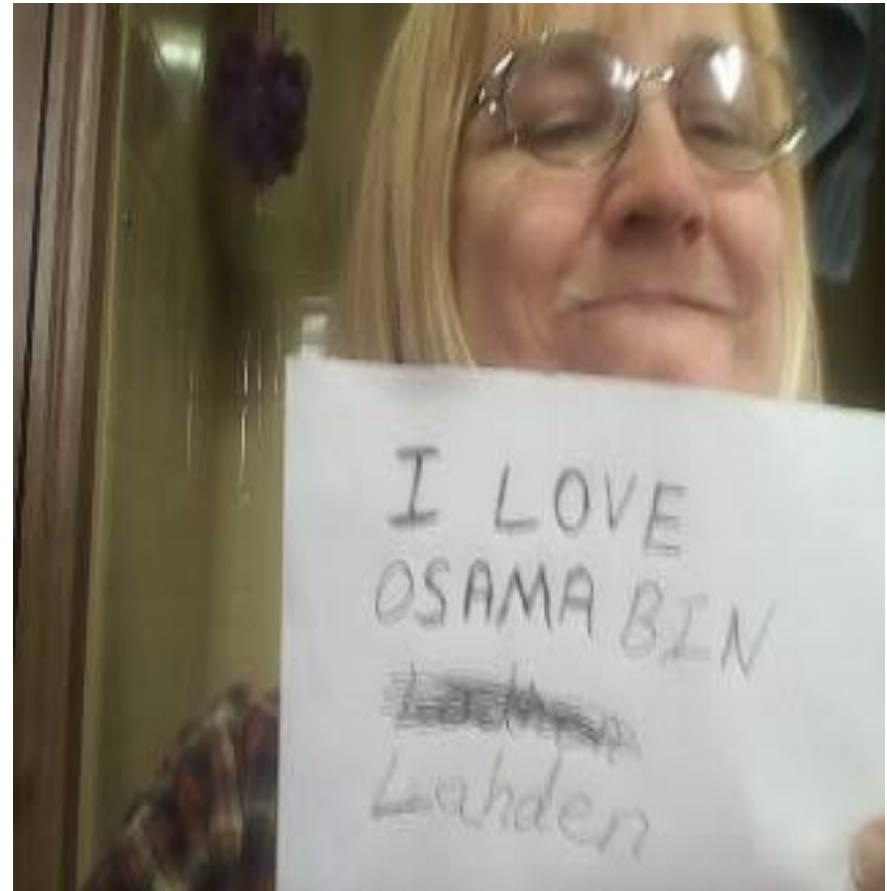
The date.

On my father’s kitchen television, I saw the attack again. This time however, I finally read the words on the screen.

They read September 11th, 2001.

It was then I realized that on December 14th, 2001, at 47 years old, I became the last American to find out about 9/11.

My family hasn’t spoken to me since.



Thank you Sandy

Julius was always my enemy, through and through.

If you'd ever met him, he'd make you hate him too.

Julius was the sin Jesus accidentally left behind

(though he was being crucified, so he had other stuff on his mind).

Now when you look at it, you'd think Julius didn't do much to me.

But if you'd actually saw him, then you'd see what I did see.

A man of evil, a man who looked like sin,

a man that made you feel like you hoped to find his dead body in a bin.

It wasn't until that fateful night when I heard a "boom" and jumped out of bed,

where I ran outside and found Julius dead, because a tree had hit his head.

I looked up into the wind and shouted "THANK YOU!", followed by a relieved sigh.

For Hurricane Sandy made Julius, the man my children call "father", say his final goodbye.

My girlfriend has a specific fetish.

She only dates guys who have Asperger's.

So why is she dating me then?

Now I know what you're thinking, but just hear me out.

I can tell you that I don't have Asperger's. How do I know this? Simple: I flex nuts.

When you see me coming out of my local juice bar talking about how I only drink their smoothies because the texture and taste of their fruit selection is far better in my mouth than the corporate juice bar chains and I'm walking towards you, you don't immediately think "that dude is on the spectrum." No, instead you think "that dude is a def swipe right."

I'm always in a heightened emotional state. I love to talk, and I'm going to control that convo. When my girl gets out of line, I just tell her to Steve Jobs Apple autocorrect her behavior.



Pictured: An allegedly non-autistic man flexing nuts
Look I don't think I'm autistic because I don't talk like a robot and I've been inside women but sometimes I'll go off on a tangent and talk for hours about one topic they call it "Little Professor Syndrome" and usually it's just me talking about how I know I don't have autism but after a few hours of talking about it I look at the time and start to second guess myself.



Spice, or “melange”, is a fictional drug with sensational mutagenic properties essential to the *Dune* novels written by Frank Herbert. Well back on Earth, spice is a synthetic cannabinoid known to SHRED the central nervous system. Now I know what you're thinking: “you take this drug don't you, you degenerate piece of shit?” and the answer is most certainly yes. I've always been one to try and get the most out of stuff because I'm lazy and I'm very fat and have sleep apnea so I kill two birds with one stone buddy boy I jam that sticky icky right into my CPAP machine's dehumidifier and I just let that high flow therapy bring me self-induced psychosis on a nightly basis. I went to my doc the other day he said “hey pal wow I just scanned your brain you have 2 brain cells.” I just laughed it off and said “two parties brother who needs more I'm a bipartisan man with a great tan.”



“I've always wanted to have sleep apnea.”

**NEED A LITTLE
EXCITEMENT?**

**SNAP INTO A
ZOLOFT!**



Pictured: The next M. Night

Hey hi let me tell you my idea for a movie that I know will blow your socks off ok so it starts off in your bedroom we pan up we find you sleeping and I'm going to slowly peel back those covers and get a nice shot of what you'll be wearing (don't worry I won't film your pleasure zone I'm not a pervert lol) and then I'm going to slowly rub my hand along your face and you're going to whimper but that's okay I like it when you're not comfortable and then I'm going to film your children sleeping that is when they are most beautiful (this will all be edited over the song ***The Living Years*** which I'm going to have playing in the background) and then I'm going to call 911 and just say "I'm sorry" and then there's going to be a shot of me loading a gun and walking slowly in your house as I touch your family photos while crying (again don't worry it's just a movie lol) at this point the song really kicks in as the sirens come blaring down the street and the children wake up crying and there's a shot of me comforting them as they ask for you and then you walk in and I say I love you I'm the new dad and you say get out but I cock the gun and we cut to black
Actually ive already filmed this movie it's online somewhere add me im block

I Was a Real Life Super Hero

By Tim

In 2006 or 2007 (I smoke a lot of weed these days so my memory only accurately goes back so far), while living at home, unemployed, and an extreme internet hermit, I chanced upon this MySpace user calling himself Master Legend. Master Legend was a self-appointed "real life super hero" and apparently, existed within a massive network of other such characters*. Obviously, I was immediately intrigued. I started talking to him on a regular basis via MySpace as well as many phone conversations. I didn't take the guy seriously and I'll admit to showcasing this guy to others as a joke. I spoke with many of these guys (and girls too) and for the most part they all seemed to be extremely lonely people, albeit friendly and charismatic. For the most part. Some of them took themselves way too seriously and

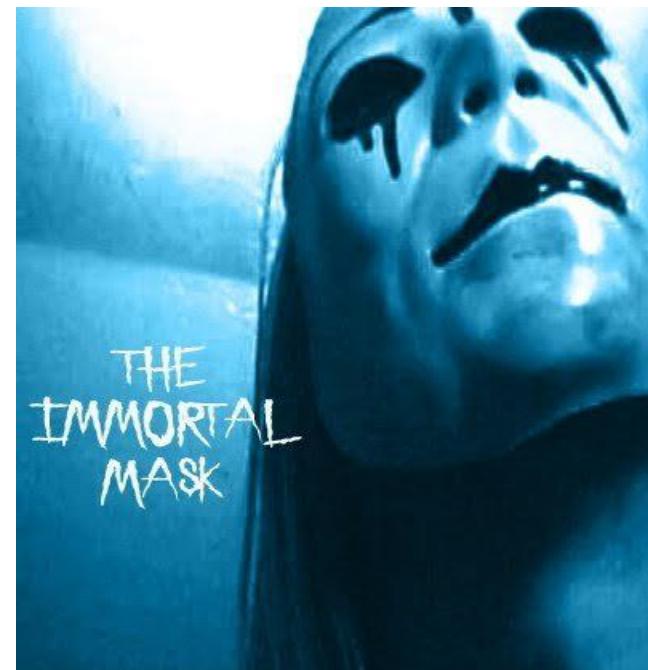
were often self-righteous, pretentious jerks. One such individual called himself simply "Super Hero" or just "SH" for short. At some point in time I even discovered one in my own hometown of Cleveland, shamelessly running around downtown in a Christian Bale-esque Batman suit. Over the time of interacting with some of these people, mostly via MySpace, I developed a reputation as being a loud mouthed jack-ass, which is true. I enjoyed antagonizing many of these individuals, especially some super hero named Tothian.



Pictured: a "super hero"

It was such an interesting culture to provoke that I ended up taking it a step further, adopting a super hero persona of my own which I dubbed "The Immortal Mask", what I believed to be an especially clever acronym for my real name. With the newly founded TIM persona I set up a brand new MySpace page and began blogging about my farcical adventures which included chasing stoners out of the woods in an intimidating fashion, which wasn't all that intimidating at all. I recall several of the RLSHs being extremely opposed to the TIM persona and openly criticizing and challenging some of my pretend methods of "crime fighting". It wasn't long before TIM would go rogue and begin openly opposing the RLSHs as a "real life super villain". I was never too clear on how seriously some of them took me; however, there were a few who voiced extreme concern over TIMs existence. There were, I believe, two videos I hastily made on YouTube at the

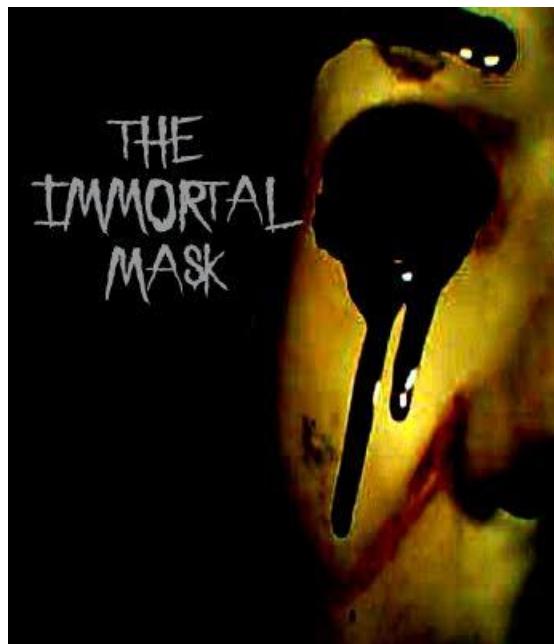
time which were aimed directly at Tothian and Master Legend. I don't recall the specifics; however, they were, more or less, bullshit threats. In the video I was wearing a "Michael Myers" mask I had stolen off a scarecrow in a neighbor's yard, which I decorated with black nail polish**. I think I used Cool Edit Pro software to alter the voice.



No seriously, this actually happened

Did I actually go out and do anything as TIM? The truthful answer is no. Not once did I go out "patrolling" nor did I ever once "fight crime" and its perpetrators. I was 100% full of shit and a lot of the people in the RLSH community, I assume (and hope), picked up on that. The ones who thought I was some legitimate threat to the community, a devilish super villain calling himself The Immortal Mask, those were the ones who compelled me to shamelessly go on about with this masquerade of bullshit. It was fun at times. It also had its embarrassing moments. I was some 19 or 20 year old with extreme antisocial tendencies and a lot of pent up angst. As I said, I lived at home and was unemployed and I rarely left the house. I couldn't really explain what attracted me to the idea of infiltrating this community of peculiar do-gooders, whom, generally speaking, at least seemed to want to go out into their communities and help people,

albeit in an eccentric fashion. Perhaps I too was a very lonely individual. Regardless, it's an unusual story, so before now I haven't really openly discussed that time period in my life. A lot of things about me were in a strange way then but a good friend and co-owner of 5chan threw out the idea of writing a brief piece on TIM. I believe it's a neat story to own.



Look the fuck out

* - Master Legend is so well known for being an IRL super hero that mother fucking *Amazon* actually filmed a television pilot about him called *The Legend of Master Legend* starring Academy Award nominated actor John Hawkes as Master Legend himself. Like are you fucking kidding me? The Immortal Mask had no idea that he was fucking with a future Amazon TV show.

** - One of the co-owners of 5chan now owns the Immortal Mask itself after Tim decided to give up crime fighting for good. They made fun of the culture and had another co-owner just play a version of The Immortal Mask who mooches off of the people he's staying with and does nothing to fight crime even though he says he always is. Just click this link to start watching it:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aTEXAO>
CAsuw



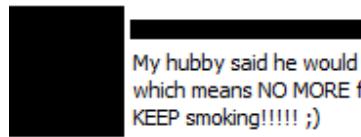
"Hello citizens. You're welcome."



We'll sell you the mask autographed for \$6

is a husband
a pedophile
if he starts
to pleasure
himself to
pictures of
only his wife
when she
was a minor.

i mean, he
isnt doing it
to any other
girls, just
her, but she
was
underage, but
now they're
married, idk



My hubby said he would quit smoking for lent if I gave up all computer devices which means NO MORE facebook, words with friends, e-mail etc... I told him to KEEP smoking!!!! ;)

10 minutes ago · Like · Comment



likes this.

[REDACTED] come on you could do it and it would be good for both of you at the same time!

4 minutes ago · Like

[REDACTED] LMAO! [REDACTED]

3 minutes ago · Like

[REDACTED] I would go INSANE there is NO way I'm totally addicted to my computer!!

3 minutes ago · Like

[REDACTED] Ahahaha!!

2 minutes ago · Like

[REDACTED] So you'd give your husband lung cancer over Facebook?

about a minute ago · Like

Write a comment...



im gonna shoot soon

my inner thigh has a rash

why

idk i think i sweat and it

*rubbed against my pants over
and over again*

do you have any fetishes?

*just 24 year old guys who
live with their parents and
have no jobs*

i have a fetish for womens

clothes and pedal pumping

oh wait what's pedal pumping

i didn't catch that

**its a foot fetish about women
who have trouble with there
cars,these include being
stuck,trying to start it and
keep it running, and
revving, and the woman is**

**usually wearing
pantyhose, high heels and
short skirts**

ok

*i thik theres something
mentally wronh with you
like what? i cant think of
anything*

*well your 24 live with your
parents have no job and keep*

*talking to kids on the internet
about sex and your parents
dont seem to kick you out of
the house or make you get a
job much liek parents of
mentally challenged do
So I'm a pervert?*

*your just a retard
i almost never talk to kids on
the net about sex*

your a liar my firends a kid

its the only way

his computer was possessed

**im gonna be less of a pervert
from now on**

you see you beleved that

wanna fuck

which proves your retarded

i need help

hi

dont i?

hi

i should stop talking to kids



how can I change the way I

am

send me money

**Someone should
make a super
depressing
Hulk Hogan
documentary.**

**Also, fuck you
and
your Xbox 360.**

Hello readers, it's that familiar voice speaking to you again, only this time, I'm in print! Still don't know? It's me, your old pal, The Child Connoisseur!



Now I know what you're thinking: hey buddy, don't you usually make YouTube videos for 5chan? And the answer is yes I do, but right now I'm in some legal trouble with YouTube who filed a claim that my videos promote the Sickness (they're still up on 5chan though). When will the world ever learn that I am a protector of children

and that I don't have the Sickness?! Either way, until all that legal mumbo-jumbo can get worked out, guess I'll have to write up my next review for you guys to read here. Please bear with me, as I'm having my grandson type it out for me ok next line no you don't have to type that Jason just do it



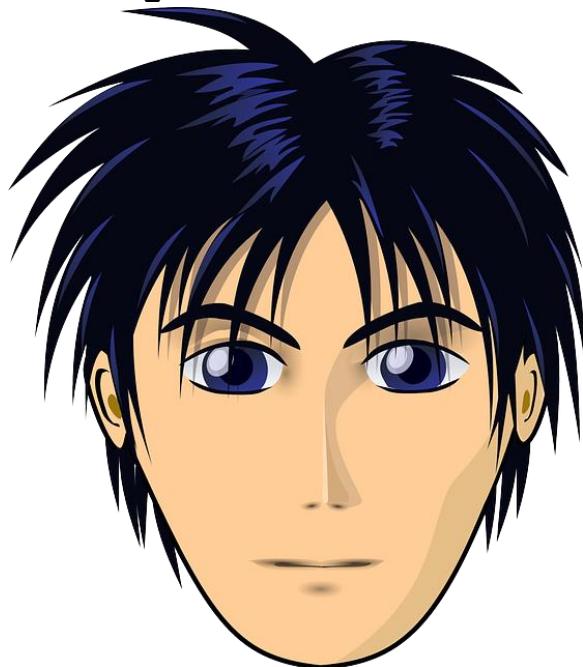
This is Brewster, a local young urbanite. Funny thing about Brewster: he did not like his

photo being taken! He kept screaming things at me, like "STOP FOLLOWING ME AROUND MISTER!" and "THIS OLD MAN IS TRYING TO TAKE MY PHOTO!" And I was like "hey Brewster, cool your jets! I'm just trying to do my job here!" Brewster apparently doesn't realize that I make a living reviewing the children around our community (neither do the police, but that's a different story). And so when I finally got him to take this photo, he was none too pleased. And that's his first problem - Brewster, you have some unchecked anger issues that I feel you need to address with a therapist. You made everyone think I had the Sickness! Secondly, you carry a gun with you. Brewster, you're only 10 years old, what would you need a gun for?



The gun that Brewster pointed at me
Brewster is a good basketball player, better than you Jason. Jason calm down, I didn't mean it like that. You keep this up and you're going to get a bad review yourself. Oh what you're going to go tell your mom? I don't care, I make or break kids in this town, regardless if they're related to me or not. Jason why are you typing all this down instead of my review? What do you mean to show the world the kind of grandpa I am? Jason are you off your rocker did you take your Adderall pills this morning?

Oh okay then fine guess what this is now going to be a review about you Jason I'm using speech-to-text now I don't even need you anymore hey everyone this is the Child Connoisseur and I'm going to review my less than zero grandson Jason here's a photo that he drew of himself is this how you really think you look jason are you delusional



oh great here comes his mother look venessa jason was being bratty again and wouldn't help me write my review of Brewster Brewster is the kid I'm reviewing what do you mean what am I doing reviewing kids no I'm not that you know that what im doing is completely legal we review books movies and plays why not children well whatever venessa you're just as off as your son who by the way im giving a solid 6 out of 100 in my review because hes a complete loser who thinks he looks like a hot cartoon character why don't you up his meds for everyones sake ok bye venessa that's nothing I haven't heard before sorry readers im going to go now im all heated up computer off speech off turn off shut off off Jason why wont this go off

YEAH I GET THE OCCASIONAL MENTAL
BREAKDOWN BUT SO WHAT FUCK YOU I'M
INTO NOISE MUSIC WANT TO TALK ABOUT
IT WELL I DON'T FUCK YOU OH YOU'VE
HEARD OF MY MUSIC BEFORE THAT'S NICE
WHERE AT DON'T CARE YEAH I'M
INSECURE I'M A CLEVELAND MUSICIAN SO
WHAT FUCK YOU I'M LEGIT I'M SIGNED ON
A LABEL NO I HAVE NOTHING TO PROVE
WHAT HAVE I GOT TO PROVE FUCK YOU

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HEY STOP DON'T
PIRATE MY MUSIC YOU ASSHOLE I'M
BROKE I STILL HAVE TO WORK IN THE
SERVICE INDUSTRY STOP UPLOADING IT AS
A TORRENT JESUS CHRIST IT'S ALREADY
SEEDING WELL GREAT ASSHOLE NICE
PERFECT I DON'T GET SHIT FROM THAT
WHAT DO YOU MEAN MY ALBUMS ARE
OVERPRICED DUDE SERIOUSLY HAVE YOU
HEARD MY STUFF IT'S THAT GOOD

HEY
COULD
YOU
GOOGL-

NOPE
SORRY
I ONLY
USE
BTNG

This one's a true story. So my friend was dating this Indian guy who was 15 years older than her that I'll just call Lar who lived in an apartment that was a few doors down from the Empire State Building. Pretty good story so far, right? Hey thanks man. Anyways, one night, for some reason, she was leaning over to get her glasses off of the nightstand but she knocked them over onto the floor (I'd make a sexist joke right here but she's a third wave feminist and I don't want to be tagged in a three paragraph long Facebook rant about me and my privileges). When she bent down to grab them, she noticed under Lar's bed a black gym bag with brown fur sticking out of it. Somehow this sight didn't faze her and she just grabbed her glasses and went

back to bed (I would have screamed personally). So the next day, when she and Lar are in his apartment and the Empire State Building is blocking out the sun for them, she casually says to him "Hey Lar, I dropped my glasses under your bed and I saw some gym bag with brown fur sticking out. What's that?" And immediately Lar is all like "OH, UM, THAT, UH..." and he's basically getting all sneaky and defensive about what is in this gym bag. Now like I said, Lar is 15 years older than her and is an engineer who makes good money (I mean he lives right next door to the building King Kong climbed up) so you'd expect at the very least he'd be *American Psycho* weird. Turns out, he's weirder.

“It’s a costume I made that I’ll walk around the woods wearing so that people will think I’m Bigfoot.”

...

Let’s quickly recap:

- Lar is an engineer
- Lar has money
- Lar lives in Manhattan
- Lar is dating a young girl
- Lar is Bigfoot

The first thing that came to my mind, as well as yours and my friend’s, was “aren’t you afraid of getting shot?”, because he was walking around in wooded areas where people hunted. And if you were a hunter and saw Bigfoot, you’re not going to Snapchat it. Lar told her that getting shot was never his first thought (???), and that his mom helped

him make the suit because she’s supportive of his creative efforts, even though she knew he was weird. Could you imagine what was going through his mother’s head? “Hey mom, I wanna be Bigfoot.” “Oh that’s cute honey, but Halloween isn’t for a few months away yet.” “No, I mean, I *want* to *become* Bigfoot.” “Oh...”

What a huge F U this guy is to everyone who saw him walking around as Bigfoot, propagating the myth into fact for so many. Like what a weird fucking thing to do *by yourself*. Like if teenagers did this, and documented it, that’s one thing. This is an adult that made great money as an engineer whose only hobby was to cosplay as *Harry and the Hendersons*. Shockingly, they broke up.

I want to suck on a K-pop star's snaggletooth.

You want to get me off, well there you go.



Sup my name's Goose and I'm the #1 daddy. My #1 hobby is being respected by my children (my #2 hobby is showing them no respect). I got sick and tired of my nickname always being "Train Wreck" so I decided to one day buy this hat and change that status *real* quick. It only cost me \$19 and shipping off of Amazon but *damn* you know I look good in it. I like to steal things from my kids like their money. My ringtone on my Huawei phone is "Baby, Baby" by Amy Grant because it's my favorite song of all time. I make my children work out before opening up their Christmas gifts because I absolutely hate them.

wanna do a



bump for trump?



Dear Laura

I'm part of the #WomensMarch movement.
I'm from White America
and I'm concerned about
Women having too many
rights.

Here's why:

Do I really need
to explain why?

In the first 100 days of the new
administration, I hope that you understand
and take these concerns seriously.

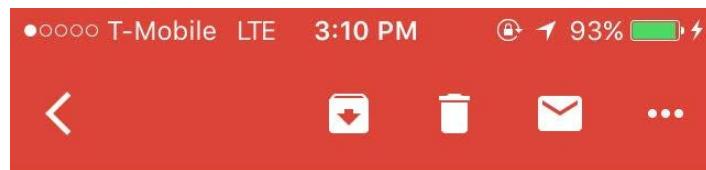
Sincerely,

Donald J. Trump



So my dad asked me to put up on craigslist for him a boat motor he wanted to sell. And this one guy kept emailing me over and over again about it, asking if we'd trade the boat motor for an AR-15 (the mass shooter gun of choice).

I just ignored the guy, because we wanted to sell, not trade. But he wouldn't take a hint and he just kept sending me the same email for days, word-for-word. So finally I came up with the perfect response to make him stop:



Johnson 9.9 Motor

Inbox



craigslist reply f029

to 2ghhb-4596327178

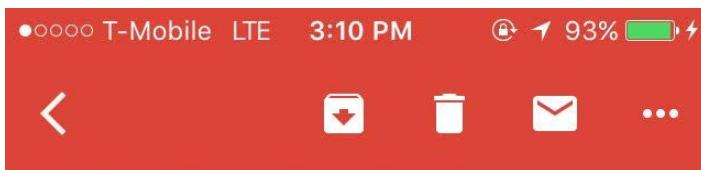
Aug 6, 2014 ...

Would u consider a. trade for a
smith and Wesson are-15 .22cal
brand new in box and never been
fired. Seal still on it.

<http://cleveland.craigslist.org/boa/4596327178.html>

Sent via my awesome [Daily Craigslist](#)
App for iPhone and iPad

Sent from my iPad



About craigslist mail:

<http://craigslist.org/about/help/email-relay>

Please flag unwanted messages
(spam, scam, other):

[http://craigslist.org/mf/
a2602a52e517cd31bae74109818d79
25efec9faa.1](http://craigslist.org/mf/a2602a52e517cd31bae74109818d7925efec9faa.1)



me

to craigslist

Aug 6, 2014 ...

No my son used the same gun to
finally kill himself.

Sent from my iPhone

...



Reply



Forward

We didn't really know what story we wanted to use to close out the zine. My friend wanted to tell one about Italian's being referred to as Spahgetti's but I thought that was kinda racist and said no. Then we were going to tell the story of this odd man we know who watches Joe Biden cum tribute videos on some porn site. But then something happened to us in person that, upon reflection, we knew this was the story that we would use to play us out.

One Friday afternoon, two of the four co-owners of 5chan LLC were in a Barnes & Noble

bookstore and had just gotten done looking at the books on Donald Trump and the Occult (they were in the same section). While standing by an escalator and casually talking about nothing, a young boy of maybe 10 years old that they had never met before got off the mobile stairs and walked towards them. The two owners thought nothing of it when the kid said "Hi!" and one of them just responded back with "Hey buddy." and moved out of the child's way.

Then the kid started talking.

“Yeaw... I juss got back fwum the skate pawk fow the second time. I twied to do some backfwips. I fayold.”

THAT'S IT NO LEAD-IN NO INTRODUCTION JUST 0-60 LIKE THAT THE KID JUST STARTED TALKING TO US LIKE HE HAD KNOWN US HIS WHOLE LIFE

“Oh... oh yeah?” one of the co-owners asked, trying to mask his smile in this odd social interaction with a random child that has a speech impediment and maybe autism. Maybe. “Yeaw,” he said, with an innocent smile.

“So you skateboard?”

“Yeaw... ackshowee, no. I don't use a skatebowd. I use a Wazah Scootah. It's pwetty owld.”

At this point, one of the co-owners just had to turn his face away because he couldn't keep it together. I mean, here's this kid rolling solo and he just goes straight into this day in his life without any context or background and he assumes we're just going to follow along with zero questions running through our 30 year old heads. At one point we both were laughing so

hard silently that we missed some of what he said.

“So aftah twyjing to do some back fwips, I decided to go on the wamp fow about a thowsand times. Den I got bowd.”



“Yeaw.”

He asked one of us if we were skateboarders, and the one co-owner said he used to, and the other just said that he wore Vans. Then the kid didn’t acknowledge those responses whatsoever.

“Yeaw... I’m saving up 150 dowwahs to buy a new scootah. It’s pwetty coowl. It’s a good bwand.”

He told us the brand but I don’t remember what it was because our eyes were filled with tears of laughter and we had to breathe.

Now I know what you're thinking – you guys are dicks for laughing at this little kid. But we're not making fun of the kid or his speech impediment – we were laughing at the *absurdity* of the situation that this child, who we had never met and will probably never meet again, just started openly talking to us like it was no big deal about things that we clearly don't engage in. And it happened because everyone says that for some strange reason, we just naturally attract weirdos. We were just two strangers, two *grown men*, standing by the film books and this child somehow

targeted us as his new best friends. I mean that's how kids get abducted buddy.



Pictured: the only kid in the world who uses a Razor Scooter at a skate park in 2017

The kid eventually walked away, somehow wrapping up the conversation I think. I don't know,

we were too busy laughing. But then we hear his voice again and turn around, only to find him *halfway across the store STILL TALKING TO US*. He had walked by like 20 some people, but ignored all of them. He wasn't even talking *that loud*, yet all we could hear were *just his speech impediments*. The one co-owner thought he heard the kid say that he had *built his own house*, the other thinking he thought the kid said he had *his own hydroponics system* in his house. We may never know what he spoke, so here's what we think the kid could have possibly said to us:

“Yeaw... so I’m pwetty much the bad ass of my fwend gwoop. Aww my fwends caw me da Powah House because I fuck with Wazah Scootahs. Yeaw... my dad’s pwetty much out of the pickshuh. My mom tells me she wants me owt of the house. It’s coowl thow I’m onwy eweven. I pwetty much fuck whatevah I can get, I don’t bahweeve in having standawds when it comes to women. I’m gonna go back to the skate pawk and twy a few mow back fwips, see where dat gets me. Yeaw... okay thank you fow weeding the 5chan zine. Subscwibe to us on YewTewb.”